

Fish Sandwich

The bearded rabbi jumped from a garbage truck, swinging a bottle of Manischewitz at phantom cups of coffee that he somehow thought were following him. In a moment he realized he'd had one shot too many, and proceeded to straighten his black tallit, toss the Manischewitz to a recycle bin, then adjust his hat. He patted his pockets to reveal a stack of digitized compact disc copies. He nodded to himself, walked to the fish sandwich place nearby and made a casual passage around the full house, now wall-to-wall with Jewish men and women eating kosher fish goodies from a major fire grill in the center of the room. He stopped at various tables, offering the CDs from his pocket. "For your holidays," he said in a gravely aged voice as he gestured and walked on. Fish sandwiches here were clearly delicious, almost all fresh salmon. The rabbi went his own way, exiting the shoppe and continuing on the street. He walked around a corner and disappeared.

End.